HAPPINESS:

A

POEM.

Nunquam mehercule ego neq; pecunias istorum, neq; tecta magnifica, neq; opes, neq; imperia, neq; eas quibus maxime adstricti sunt voluptates, in bonis *rebus aut* expetendis *duxi*——

Nihil est aliud bene, & beate *vivere, nisi* honeste & recte *vivere.*

TUL. Parad. I.

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(Price *One Shilling.*)

A

POEM.

46.
9. 4
867.

BRITISH MUSEUM

TO THE

Right HONOURABLE

FRANCIS,

Earl of *EFFINGHAM.*

My Lord,

I Could not think of publiſhing the following Poem, whoſe Foundation is built on Virtue, without Addreſſing it to the Earl of *Effingham.* That Integrity of Life, and Uprightneſs of Morals, which have met with the

the univerſal Approbation of your Fellow-Subjects, and ſo diſtinguiſhably engaged the Favour of your Sovereign, very reaſonably demand the Tribute of the Muſe, who now begs Leave to lay at your Lordſhip's Feet this Eſſay, one of the firſt Productions of a very young Author. He enters into the World without Prejudice, or Party-Intereſt, and would endeavour to reſtore the long neglected Honours of Poetry, by commending only the Praiſe-worthy. With this View I write this Dedication; but leſt that Expreſſion ſhould carry with it the uſual Idea of Modern Addreſſes, I am obliged to forbear any farther Elogies, as knowing ſuch would be highly offenſive to your Lordſhip; and will therefore only take Leave to ſay, That the Patron of this Poem is *Preſident* of the *High Court* of *Honour*, to whoſe Temple the wiſe Antients allow'd no Paſſage but thro' that of Virtue, and the Votaries of both the only ſucceſsful Candidates for *Happineſs*.

Not-

DEDICATION.

Notwithſtanding the many Imperfections of this Piece, I am perſwaded the Deſign of it will ſufficiently recommend it to your Lordſhip's Protection, which the Author ſtands ſo much in Need of. Thus, while I would ſhow my Gratitude for paſt Obligations, I muſt appear ſollicitous for your future Favour, and beg, that whatever ſhall be found agreeable in this Poem, may make an Apology for its many Defects. *I am,*

My Lord,

With the greateſt Reſpect,

your Lordſhip's moſt Oblig'd,

and moſt Obedient Servant,

John Ward.

ADVERTISEMENT.

To the READER.

AS this Age ſo abounds with Criticks, 'twere the maddeſt Thing in the World to expect, 'that any Poetical Piece can paſs uncenſur'd; however thoſe have the moſt to fear from them, who give them ſo juſt an Opportunity of blaming, *as the Author of the following* Eſſay. *I ſay not This to beſpeak their Favour, but only to plead guilty before-hand to whatever they ſhall find diſagreeable in this Poem, with this ſingle Excuſe, that moſt, if not all its Blemiſhes are owing to the ſhort Time the Author had to mend them. I am ſenſible this Plea is as unpolite as it is common, and know very well what Reply will be made to it; eſpecially as the Author commits ſo unuſual a Practice as putting his Name to a Piece ſo imperfect; however, if thoſe Gentlemen ſhou'd not be ſatisfied with the above Apology, I can offer at no other; for as that is the* trüeſt, *ſo it muſt be the* beſt.

HAP-

HAPPINESS:

A

POEM.

TO warm the Mind by Virtue's brightest Fires,
To raiſe the Thoughts as ſov'reign Truth inſpires;
In Words and Actions to direct the Soul,
Its Flights reſtrain, its wild Deſires controul;
For this the Muſe in antient happier Days,
Oft tun'd the Lyre to her inſtructive Lays:

In Verſe divine the heav'nly Precepts taught,
Which ſacred Bards and virtuous Sages thought;
The dire Attacks of Foes and Fools withſtood,
And bade Mankind be happy, if they wou'd.

With equal Ardour, tho' inferior Art,
I, too the firſt, the beſt of Themes impart.
Genius, aſſiſt, your wanted Succour bring;
Greateſt of Subjects, *Happineſs* I ſing.

'Midst all th' Uncertainties of human Life,
Hopes, Fears, and Doubts, Misfortunes, Joys and Strife;
Wou'd we unmov'd by outward Things appear,
Not rais'd with Pleaſure, nor depreſs'd with Care?
Wou'd we live bleſs'd in every Change of State,
And where we can't approve, at leaſt not hate;
Chearful as well in Troubles as in Sports,
And gay no leſs in Solitudes than Courts?

By

By Wiſdom taught, wou'd we the Secret know,
To bear unhurt the greateſt Weight of Woe;
In Life's ſad Trials Conſtancy expreſs,
'Midſt Loſs of Parents, or a Friend's Diſtreſs?
Still wou'd we follow Honour's ſmiling Train,
Receive no Sorrows, and endure no Pain?
If this we wou'd, the certain Method hence
May be conciſely learnt,—*Be rul'd by Senſe.*
Where dwells *Good Senſe?*—"In Courts and Camps
" it ſhines,
" Improves by Breeding, and by Arts refines."
In Courts or Camps its Pow'r is ſeldom found,
There wanting moſt, where moſt it ſhou'd abound.
The empty Coxcomb, nice-diſcerning Cit,
The courteous Lord, and half inſtructed Wit;
The cenſuring Blockhead, ſelf-conceited Sage,
(Whoſe greateſt Boaſt is Vanity and Age:)

And he who patient of fair Learning's Toil,
In glim'ring Cells attends the Midnight Oil;
With fond Pretence the ſacred Object claim,
But miſs the Subſtance for the boaſted Name.
In Cities 'tis not, nor in Cloyſters dwells,
No Fraud defiles it, and no Force repells;
Not all the Studies of pedantic Fools,
Not all the Knowledge of the wrangling Schools;
Not Wealth, not Honours can its Charms attain,
And Science, Wit, and Learning plead in vain.
From Crowds retir'd, and of the World afraid,
Abandon'd SENSE takes Shelter in the Shade.
The Peaſant there, whom Dread, nor Guilt annoys,
Whoſe Peace no Pride, no Thirſt of Gain deſtroys;
Inſpir'd by this, directs his Nights and Days:
Happy! Whom Induſtry and Virtue pleaſe.

WITH what great Care has Providence aſſign'd
Sufficient Pleaſures for each ſep'rate Kind!
See! Birds, Beaſts, Fiſhes all their Hours employ,
As inſtinct Rules, or Nature turns for Joy:
Each moving forward in its proper Sphere,
Purſues its *Happineſs* with conſtant Care,
And gains its End in Water, Land, or Air.
But Man neglectful of this peaceful State,
Studies, alone, to thwart the Words of Fate;
The Loſs of true Felicity foregoes,
Graſps at a Phantom, and embraces Woes.

STILL to do Good, relieving the Diſtreſt,
Our Neighbour's Bleſſing, by our Neighbours bleſt.
To look on Worth with ſtill regardful Eyes,
To aid the Weak and ſtop the Orphan's Cries;
To cloath the Poor, the Priſ'ner to ſet free,
And bleſs with Joys of Birth-right Liberty;

O'er

O'er all our *Kind*, Benevolence to ſpread,
To chear the Sad, to raiſe the drooping Head;
To be too great an Inj'ry to receive,
Or when receiv'd, more nobly to forgive;
To ſhow himſelf no *Foe*, if not a *Friend*,
And where he muſt not *ſuccour*, not *offend*;
Who dares do this, in theſe degen'rate Days?
Who dares do this, tho' for immortal Praiſe? (*a*)
Yet for this End alone was Mankind fraught,
With Speech and Pity, and peculiar Thought:
Yet for this End wiſe Nature did ordain,
That Man ſhou'd feel alternate Joy and Pain.
Some rich, ſome poor, ſome high are born, ſome low,
Her Bleſſings ſtill to all unequal flow;
And this deſign'd, that in our Joy and Care,
Our Fellow Men a mutual Part ſhould bear;

(*a*) Vir bonus, *cito, nec fieri, nec intelligi poteſt; namque ille alter fortaſſe tanquam Phœnix, anno quingenteſſimo naſcitur—qui ſciret quid eſſet* vir bonus, *nondum ſe eſſe crederet, fortaſſe etiam fieri deſperaret.* SEN. 42. Ep.

That,

That, one on one depending, might be known,
Our Wants require more Service than our own;
And hence by frequent Practice underſtood,
That private Bliſs proceeds from public Good.

THE greateſt Friendſhip that on Earth we know,
Husband and Wife reciprocally owe, (*b*)
Which reign'd ſupreme, entire, as yet when two,
Were all the whole the wide Creation knew.
Loving, belov'd, in uncontroul'd Embrace,
They ſerve their End, and propagate their Race.
Their Off-ſpring born, with honeſt Pride they ſee,
And love their Likeneſs in the next Degree;
Nor vaniſh'd here this Love, but as decreed,
This Generation ſhou'd to that ſucceed.

(*b*) *Prima Societas in ipſo eſt conjugio; proxima in liberis; deinde, una domus, communia omnia—ſequuntur fratrum Conjunctiones—ſequuntur connubia & Affinitates, quæ propagatio & ſoboles origo eſt rerum publicarum.* Cicero de Off.

So

So taught by Wiſdom, or conſtrain'd by Force,
Their Children's Children tread the former Courſe;
Sway'd by Good Nature, void of envious Striſe,
They journey thro' the bliſsful Paths of Life.
In one ſmall Hutt the narrow Tribe remains,
And feels alike each others Joys and Pains.
And from theſe few, as antient Bards have ſung,
Cities have roſe, and Common-wealths have ſprung.

And now encreas'd they leave their native Shore,
Truſt unknown Seas, and doubtful Realms explore.
Long driv'n by Winds, and frightned by the Main,
The wiſh'd for Lands, ſo Heav'n decreed, they gain;
Where glad deſcending on the ſmiling Soil,
In Praiſe and Sabbaths they forget their Toil.

Still prone to Good, Man heard great Nature's Call,
Survey'd her Works, and ſaw him Lord of All.

Beheld

Beheld his Neighbour with a Parent's Eye,
And rather than offend wou'd dare to die.
Thus mutual Love o'er each according Head,
Its ſweet Effects, its kindeſt Influence ſpread:
But ah! How ſoon thoſe happy Times were paſt,
Who ſaw the firſt, almoſt diſcern'd the laſt:
In a few Years a Change was underſtood,
And Earth polluted bluſh'd with human Blood;
Thro' ev'ry Breaſt corrupter Paſſions ran,
And the firſt Death that's known was that of Man.

Imperial *Ninus*, eager for Succeſs, (*c*)
Firſt found the Means to conquer and oppreſs,
The *Golden Manners* of the former Age,
Now turn'd to Slaughter and deſpotic Rage:
By fatal Signs the Monarch's Laws proclaim,
Blood all his Sport, Deſtruction all his Aim.

(*c*) *Circa finem aurei ſeculi primus omnium* Ninus *hos* aureos mores *nova regnandi cupiditate, mutavit, & primus limites tranſgreſſus bella movuit.* Fabius Pictor.

See in fair *Aſia*'s once delightful Plains,
How Horror ſtares, and Deſolation reigns!
To *India*'s Coaſts he bends his mercileſs Rod,
And Earth's wide Bounds adore the Tyrant-God.

On *Ninus* firſt, and all his guilty Line,
Deſcends the Vengeance of the Wrath Divine.
Sighs, Tears and Trouble, and a ghaſtly Crew,
Of Pains and Deaths offending Man purſue;
Plague, Rapine, Murder, Diſcontent and Care,
Short Life, bad Health, falſe Joys, and dark Deſpair;
Pride, Envy, Malice, and a direful Throng,
Of Ills, beſide to Mortals here belong.
In Nature worſe, tho' of a fairer Face,
See Man now wandring with the ſavage Race;
Wav'ring in Love, but in his Hatred mad,
Evil his Thoughts, and all his Actions bad;

Each

Each pure Deſire, and native Reaſon fled,
Paſſion caus'd Guilt, and Guilt created Dread:
By all deteſted, and of all afraid,
He flies the Refuge of the ſocial Shade.
To deſert Wilds, in hopes of Eaſe would run,
Vain the Purſuit, himſelf he ne'er can ſhun.
Of all ſuſpicious, in his Front he wears,
Th' inglorious Mark of what his Conſcience bears;
Raſh and ambitious vainly he aſpires,
Beyond the lawful Bounds of Man's Deſires.
Preſumptuous Man! Will nought correct thy Pride,
Art thou thy own, and Lord of All beſide?
Thou'rt not thy own, for while in Paſſion toſt,
That Title's gone, and all thy Right is loſt.
From thee transfer'd, each purer Virtue reigns,
In brutal Hearts, and all its Warmth retains;
Ev'n in the Brute, a dumb, but gen'rous Kind,
If outward Deeds can teſtify the Mind.

BEHOLD the Creatures! In what Steps they move,
Perpetual Order ſprung from ſocial Love.
Behold what Union in their Lives appears!
Each diff'rent Species a true Friendſhip bears;
Yet not this Friendſhip for itſelf alone,
To other Kinds, and ev'n to Man 'tis ſhown;
Shown to that Race their Love ſhou'd leaſt employ,
To worthleſs Man, but zealous to deſtroy.

BEHOLD thou Fool! the Nations of the Wood,
Of Earth, and Air, and of the cryſtal Flood.
Survey each Animal, with Wonder ſee,
And ſeeing, praiſe great Nature's Harmony.
Perceive their Motions and their various Laws,
Obſerving ſtill the univerſal Cauſe;
And praiſe with Juſtice, and with Horror tell,
Man of all Beings only dares rebel. (*d*)

(*d*) *Cætera animantia in ſuo genere proprie degunt ac homini plurima ex homine ſunt mala.* PLIN.

DELUDED

DELUDED *Britain*! from thy Shore, 'tis true,
Are baniſh'd Beaſts, but with them Virtue too.
Then let thy Sons to foreign Countries roam,
Learn there the Facts, and bring the Moral home.
The ſilent *Bear*, ev'n pining in its Den, (*e*)
With ſtudious Care will Wiſdom preach to Men;
With ſpeaking Signs, will loud inſtruct Mankind
To love their Race, and cultivate their Mind.
Ev'n the rough *Lion*, by its Acts will tell,
Mercy and Pity in our Breaſts ſhould dwell. (*f*)
But chief the *Elephant* will plainly ſhow,
What Love to Man, and what to Beaſt we owe;
Will bid us help our Neighbour in Diſtreſs,
Protect our Kind, and injur'd Worth redreſs;

(*e*) *Vide Solin.* cap. 29. *de Numidia.*

(*f*) *In illis Clementiæ multa indicia ſunt. Proſtratis parcunt—Infantes non niſi in magna fame perimunt, nec a Miſericordia ſeparantur.* Idem. cap. 30.

Will

Will teach us Goodneſs in its higheſt Sphere,
Faith join to Love, and tho' we rule, to ſpare. (g)
How bleſs'd was Man, when wiſely he explor'd
Great *Reaſon*'s Laws, and all thoſe Laws ador'd!
In times of old, by no vain Errors ſway'd,
He ſaw the Truth, and while he ſaw, obey'd.
Now *Foe* to *Reaſon*, for, by Cuſtom taught,
He ſcarce performs one Action that he ought:
But ſhunning Virtue, feels of Vice the Sting,
The Bane of Pleaſures, and of Woes the Spring.

THEN blame not Nature, if around we ſee
Such hapleſs Crowds, ſuch Sights of Miſery;

(g) *Oberrant agminatim; Natu maximus ducit agmen, ætate proximus cogit ſequentes—Propter fœminas numquam dimicant; Nulla enim noverunt adulteria. Ineſt illis clementiæ bonum; quippe ſi per deſerta vagabundum hominem forte viderint, ductus uſque ad notas vias præbent; vel ſi confertis pecoribus occurriſſent, itinera ſibi blanda, & placida manu faciunt, ne quod obvium Animal interimat. At conflictu fortuito ſi quando pugnatur, non mediocrem habent curam ſauciorum; nam feſſos vulneratoſque in medium acceptant.* SOLIN. cap. 28.

Each

Each Brain-ſick Fool will obſtinate purſue
His own Deſires, and Falſe receive for True;
Yet in his Turn each Fool as dearly pays,
Death and Deſtruction cloſe his latter Days;
So caus'd by Heav'n, that erring Man ſhou'd know,
From his own Fault ariſes all his Woe.
Does Fortune ſmile?—We want the greater Care
T'avoid the Dangers of a gilded Snare.
The more our Wealth, we Prudence want the more,
To guide us right by Pleaſure's tempting Shore;
To ſteer us ſafe thro' Life's tempeſtuous Main,
Leſt fancied Joys too great a Conqueſt gain;
For once approaching the ſeducing Coaſt,
Our Veſſel ſplits, and in Joy's Depths we're loſt.

HURRY and Noiſe the greater Part enſlave,
Cuſtom, the Fool, as Intereſt rules the Knave.
Fools taught by Cuſtom, to their Ruin run,
And to be *Happy*, muſt be firſt *Undone*.

What

What with great Care, and long continu'd Toil,
Their Fathers purchas'd in their native Soil;
(Who us'd to little, little did expend,
Unleſs to ſerve their Country, or their Friend;)
To Knaves and Gameſters now become a Prey,
The Gain of Ages ſquander'd in a Day:
Or if theſe fail, a thouſand Ways they find
To waſte their Fortune, and corrupt their Mind;
Careſſing Evils, and by Ills careſt,
As Ign'rance, Pride, and Luxury ſuggeſt.

Survey Mankind, behold a num'rous Tribe,
Who can't be bleſs'd without an outward Bribe;
Chearful at Morning, in the Ev'ning ſad,
As Clouds perplex, or Sun-ſhine makes them glad;
Merry or dull, as diff'rent Whims inſpire,
Heavy like Lead, or brisk as quick'ning Fire;
Their Hopes how grov'ling, or their Fears how high!
Sick, well, proud, meek, and all they know not why.

In Riches theſe, and thoſe in Pleaſures truſt;
Pleaſures ſoon ceaſe, and Gold muſt turn to Duſt.
The fickle Mind ſolicitous of Joy,
Oft ſeeks the Things which moſt its Bliſs deſtroy;
Reſtleſs as Sea, and variable as Wind,
No ſolid Good, or laſting Peace can find.
It hates what's preſent, but what's abſent mourns,
As Int'reſt, Pique, and Avarice take their Turns.
Now Virtue charms, now Vice affords Delight,
Dreſs claims our Thoughts, as Sports attract our Sight.
Weakneſs of Mind ſtill makes our Actions wrong,
Or if they are right, they ne'er continue long.

In Search of Happineſs, ſee Fools repair,
From Place to Place, and breathe each various Air,
In vain they travel, with Concern they find,
No Climes can cure the Evils of the Mind;

And late confeſs, that whereſoe'er they go,
In their own Breaſts they harbour all their Woe,

SEE! yonder Crowd o'erwhelm'd with Guilt and Care,
Are *Mad* to *live*, and *drunk* to drown *Deſpair*.
So great their *Crimes*, Wine only can diſpenſe,
The certain Cure for *Mem'ry*, *Reaſon*, *Senſe*.
How wretched ſober, but when drunk how glad,
Wine heals the proud, th' ungen'rous, baſe and ſad.
Can ev'ry Trouble, ev'ry Sigh controul,
And, by *undoing*, *eaſe* the anguiſh'd Soul.
Unhappy Race! whoſe Light of Life decays,
With ſo much Haſte, at beſt a flutt'ring Blaze.
Short Scenes of Joy! their Morn of Pleaſure run,
A gloomy Cloud o'ercaſts their ſetting Sun.

How falſe Amuſements in our Eyes appear!
In Search of Pleaſure, we augment our Care.

So wrong our Conduct, and our Joys ſo vain,
Others might think we only wiſh'd for Pain.
Still vainly rich, and impotently gay,
Shows, Dreſs and Vice ſeduce our Hours away.
Miſtaken Man, to ſquander thus his Time,
Pronounc'd by Juſtice an enormous Crime:
Forbear ye Thoughtleſs, tremble at this Truth,
Our Lives whole Acts are noted from our Youth.

With Length of Days, ſee haughty *Str'phon* bleſt,
With Titles crown'd, of Wealth and Pow'r poſſeſt.
Whate'er luxurious Earth and Sea afford,
With daily Care adorns his ſumptuous Board.
Each outward Good in full Perfection ſhines,
Yet this in vain, for *Strephon* ſtill repines:
Commanding others, to himſelf a Slave,
He miſapplies the Bleſſings Nature gave;
To pleaſe his Paſſions, violates her Laws,
And from a Good the worſt of Evils draws.

Goodneſs a *Crime*, and Pride a *Virtue* made;
His wanting Neighbours *Strephon* muſt not aid:
To cloath the Naked, or to feed the Poor,
To help the Friendleſs, or the Weak to cure:
Five Pounds a Year his Lordſhip dares not lend,
And yet *Ten Thouſand* on himſelf will ſpend.
Whores, Gameſters, Players, all his Hours engage,
Theſe ſpoil'd his Youth, and now employ his Age.
Courts, Viſits, Taverns, in a Round ſucceed,
But Wealth ſhall fly, a Riot turn to Need.
For ſlighted *Nature*, mindful of her Cauſe,
For ever vindicates her injur'd Laws;
And nicely ſeeing where the Offence is ſhown,
Tho' late, yet ſurely makes the Offenders groan.

Ah! what avails, tho' Crowds our Name adore,
Can this quell Woe, or abſent Joys reſtore?
Can outward Objects inward Pleaſures bring,
Defend our Crimes, or blunt our Conſcience ſting?

What

What juſt Excuſe can wretched *Strephon* make,
Who ſtill went wrong, alone for Vice's Sake?
Who ne'er *reliev'd*, and hardly once ſurvey'd
The Poor or Sad, but thoſe himſelf had made!
To what dread Fate, what terrible Account,
Muſt *Strephon's* Acts, and *Seventy* Years amount?

For, what is Wealth, if from it not proceeds
Help for our own, and for our Neighbours Needs?
For what has Nature, with peculiar Care,
Lib'ral to us aſſign'd a greater Share?
For what to Pow'r and Fortune are we born;
And why do Titles our vain Names adorn?
But that we act as *Providence* deſign'd,
And with our Wealth, *reform* and *bleſs* Mankind;
But that we uſe our larger Incomes right,
The *Wicked* cruſh, and raiſe the *Good* to Light:
Encourage *Arts*, proud *Inſolence* diſgrace,
Virtue uphold, and ſave a *ſinking* Race?

A Life thus ſpent, of *Happineſs* the Spring,
Will laſting Joys, and endleſs Raptures bring.
Argyle and *Eſſex* this great Truth may tell,
Whom long Experience has convinc'd ſo well.

To fix the Point, and clear the doubtful Strife,
THE STRICTEST VIRTUE MAKES THE HAPPIEST LIFE.

HAIL Heav'n born *Virtue*, Source of earthly Joys!
No Cares perplex thee, and no Pow'r deſtroys:
In ev'ry Change of Life, thy Face is ſeen
Divinely bright, ſtill chearful and ſerene.
Devoid of thee, we Pleaſure court in vain,
And Wealth and Titles but augment our Pain.
Not Fortune's Frowns, tho' in the laſt Degree,
Can cauſe ſuch Troubles, as the Loſs of thee:
Nor all her Affluence in the higheſt State,
Such certain Joys as from thee ſpring, create.

By

By thee attended in the ſilent Shade,
(Where dwells fair *Wiſdom*, that celeſtial Maid.)
The upright Man, to Cares and Inj'ries born,
Expos'd to Fortune's Infamy and Scorn,
Will in himſelf the beſt Companions find,
A blameleſs Heart, and uncorrupted Mind;
And not deſerving what the World repays,
Will ſlight its Cenſures, and reject its Praiſe.

First learn *Religion* with reſpectful Care,
Thro' filial Piety, not ſervile Fear.
Obſerve its Precepts, and its Ways purſue;
Know what to *God* and what to *Man* is due:
And ſtrictly practice what thy Thoughts approve,
To God *Devotion*, and to *Mankind* Love.

Th' Extremes of *Good* and *Ill* with Caution ſee;
No *Man* of *Mode*, yet no *Enthuſiaſt* be.

On either Side the equal Dangers ſhun;
Be for *Contempt*, nor *Bigotry* undone.

No vain Deceit, or feign'd Religion wear;
A Saint in Life, and not in Face appear.
Too falſe our Methods, and too weak our Art,
To hide from God the Failings of the Heart.
This *us'd* or *not*, can *cauſe* or *alter* Sin; (*b*)
Virtue and Vice alone ariſe within.
O'er all we do let Charity preſide,
A conſtant Friend, and an unerring Guide.
For diff'rent Faiths let narrow *Zealots* fight;
Whate'er our *Creed*, be all our Actions right.
Our *Acts* ſhou'd ever to our *Faith* belong;
His can't be *right*, whoſe *Life* is in the wrong.
On Men's Profeſſion faſten not the Blame;
Each from his *Deeds* demands the *Chriſtian*'s Name.

(*b*) *Quid prodeſt tenuari corpus* abſtinentia, *ſi animus intumeſcit* ſuperbia? *Quid virtutis habet vinum* non *bibere*, & ira & odio *inebriari?* Hie. ad Celant.

And

And them alone; for Faith and Words are vain,
And never Profit to their Owner's gain.
Hence 'tis of Sects and Factions underſtood,
He's moſt devout, who does the greateſt Good.

WHO can behold with unlamenting Eyes,
The fatal Feuds that for Religion riſe?
The diff'rent Sects, their diff'rent Modes purſue,
The reſt are Falſe, their own are always True.
Grace to themſelves is by themſelves apply'd;
They're ſurely ſav'd, tho' all are damn'd beſide.
Oh! were this all, devoid of actual Strife,
Mankind might lead a ſafe and ſocial Life.
But Want of Charity o'er all prevails;
The ſtrongeſt triumphs, and the weakeſt fails:
And not enough in th'other World they miſs,
Their Expectations of a promis'd Bliſs;
But Men muſt ſuffer, and be damn'd in *This*!

Vainly thoſe Hypocrites *Religion* boaſt,
They ſtill have *leaſt* who perſecute the *moſt*.
At what Offence thoſe holy Tyrants ſtrike?
Becauſe all Creatures cannot think alike;
Becauſe they cannot in all Mortals find,
One fix'd Belief, one univerſal Mind.
Can ſuch mad Zeal th' Almighty's Love engage,
Is Virtue Cruelty, Religion Rage?

The Fear of *God*, howe'er miſunderſtood,
Or miſapplied, is ſtill the *ſovereign Good*.
Without this Aid, all human Methods fail;
Pleaſure muſt mount, and Cares weigh down the Scale.
Man plac'd on Earth, triumphant Lord of All,
Was, was ordain'd t' obey his Maker's Call;
And while our Actions celebrate his Will,
Regard his Words, and all his Laws fulfill:

A certain Happineſs expels our Pain,
The World contemns, and Fortune frowns in vain.
Whatever *is*, from *God* alone proceeds;
He knows our Errors, and beholds our Needs.
All Pow'r, all Wiſdom, in his Ways we view,
For ever Perfect, Sacred, Juſt, and True.
Then why ſhou'd Man ſtill blameable repine,
Or once accuſe the Providence Divine?
For Fourſcore Years let us all Pains endure,
Our Woes then ceaſe, and ſoon ſucceeds a Cure.
Our heavieſt Cares on Term of Life depend,
That Term once o'er, our ſad Afflictions end.
Joys truly great, perpetual in their Prime,
Bleſs our chang'd State, and fear no Blaſts of Time.
Unfading Pleaſures lead an endleſs Round; (*i*)
There Grief ne'er comes, nor Tears, nor Wants are found.

(*i*) *Non eſt ibi mors, non eſt ibi luctus, non eſt infirmitas, non eſt fames; nulla ſitis, nullus æſtus, nulla corruptio, nulla indigentia, nulla mæſtitia, nulla triſtitia.* Auguſt. de Symb. l. 3.

WHAT in this Life can ſo require our Hate,
To make us ſad, or blame our mortal State?
Boaſt we no Wealth, no Pow'r, or high Command,
No gen'rous Friend, no ſhining Tracts of Land?
Yet what of this?—True Happineſs we'll find,
Will follow ſtill the meek contented Mind.
The humble Man with Truth and Patience bleſt,
Deſiring nothing is of all poſſeſt.
No Wants, his Days, his Nights, no Cares annoy,
Riches ne'er *make*, but often Bliſs *deſtroy*.

DOES Fear of Want, our ſinking Soul oppreſs?
That Fear is vain, great Nature will redreſs;
The ſelf-ſame Providence, the ruling Cauſe,
That to all Beings fix'd their ſtated Laws;
Will care for Man, will for his Need provide;
Man hear its Voice, and be thy Faith thy Guide.

Lo!

Lo! All are fed; the univerſal Care,
Protects each Creature, and aſſigns its Share.
Then fear not Want; the World's wide Scenes explore,
And ſee with Pleaſure Nature's boundleſs Store;
With conſtant Wonder her Abundance view,
How great her Plenty, and our Wants how few!

WHERE'ER we turn, enough of Food we find,
Health to preſerve, and to ſupport Mankind.
Tho' not enough to feed the vain Deſires,
Which Pride ſuggeſts, or Luxury inſpires.

CONTENT with little, let us glad enjoy,
That Peace of Mind no Time can e'er deſtroy.
If bleſs'd with Riches, let us Temp'rance uſe,
Not ſearch the Markets, nor our Dainties chuſe:
No mighty Sums on falſe Amuſements ſpend,
But eaſe our Neighbour, and relieve our Friend:

With

With Vice, or Folly ne'er expreſs our *State*,
While *ſtarving* Thouſands round our Manſions wait.

If abject born, and bred deſpis'd and poor,
Deform'd, we wander ſtill from Door to Door;
Oblig'd to others for our daily Bread,
By Bits of Pride, or Scraps of Bounty fed;
Without complaining, let us Fortune bear,
No *Fault* is ours, then let us ſhow no *Care*;
No Care, but ſtill to keep an upright Name,
Want's no Rebuke, and Poverty's no Shame.
Not greater he who ſhines in Purple dreſt,
The firſt in Honours as in Wealth confeſt;
Then be no Envy to his Fortune ſhown,
Be his *his* Riches, and be *ours* our own.
Content's the greateſt, and moſt laſting Charm,
And cloath'd in Rags fair Virtue keeps us warm.

FROM the ſame Parent, Earth all Mortals ſpring,
Slave, Servant, Freeman, Beggar, Lord and King.
And to that Earth muſt all again return,
(The deſtin'd Honours of Corruption's Urn:)
Each fills alike the dark and dreadful Grave,
King, Servant, Freeman, Beggar, Lord or Slave.

PRESUMPTUOUS Man! (long ſince great Nature cried,
Correct thy Vices, and renounce thy Pride.
What's all thy Praiſe, thy mighty Wealth and Pow'r?
A fleeting Vanity, a ſhort liv'd Flow'r.
What's all thy Excellence, thy envied Name,
Thy World of Grandeur, and exalted Fame?
What's all thy Worth?—behold the greedy Grave!
Can all thy Goods their dying Maſter ſave?

Theſe

Theſe ſoon muſt fade (the Cauſe of all thy Pain,)
And yield like thee, to Time's imperious Reign.
No Crowds will praiſe thee, and no Fools adore,
Thy Aſhes mix'd with thoſe you ſcorn'd before.
Thy Perſon loath'd, and all thy Pomp forgot,
Horror attends, and Filth becomes thy Lot.
Yet this not all; a greater Scene remains,
Unbounded Pleaſures, or immortal Pains.
Then ceaſe thy Pride, thy Wretchedneſs ſurvey,
Know thy own World, and let right Reaſon ſway.
Moſt Happy he who true to *Senſe* and *God*,
Fair Virtue's Paths for ever firmly trod.

The *honeſt* Man, ſecure from Dangers goes,
Thro' Scenes of Death, and Crowds of perjur'd Foes.
When *Hatred* ſtorms, and all its Weapons draws,
Virtue will ſmile, and ſtill aſſert his Cauſe!
Expos'd to Dangers on the Land, or Main,
When all forſake th' Ungrateful, Falſe and Vain.

Tho'

Tho' num'rous Ills and Arrows round him fly,
They fly in vain, no Mark of Terror's nigh.
With Virtue cloath'd he ſlights the blunted Dart,
A *Thouſand* Shields, in *that*, defend his Heart. (*k*)
How great our Anceſtors let Records tell,
Who by it liv'd, or in its Cauſe who fell.
Who nobly daring generouſly ſtood,
Prais'd it with Words, and ſeal'd them with their Blood.
How mourn'd their Death, and all their Days how bleſt,
Their Deeds no Crime, no Sorrows ſtain'd their Breaſt.

What mean thoſe Sighs? Why falls the guſhing Tear?
Are Friends departed, or Misfortunes near?
Why grieves the Soul, what means the mournful Brow,
Muſt ſullen Cares no Eaſe for Life allow?

(*k*) *Virtus* mille *ſcuta.* The Earl of *Riſingham*'s Motto.

Muſt Clouds of Spleen eclipſe our fainter Day,
While anxious Thoughts ſtill round our Spirits play;
What means this Conduct? In each Change of State,
Be Patience ours, and that will Joy create.
Let Mirth and Innocence our Actions guide,
Theſe Bleſſings gain'd, we'll ſcorn the World beſide.
Calm our Deſires, be all our Paſſions even;
Thoughts ſtill ſerene, and Souls reſign'd to Heav'n.

The ſplendid Vanities of Life deſpiſe,
So quickly o'er, ſo uſeleſs to the Wiſe.
What real Joy can *Gain* or *Dreſs* afford,
Or are we happier tho' they call us *Lord*?
Let others flaunt and throw their Lives away,
Proud, wretched, fooliſh, handſome, rich, and gay;
Let Noiſe and Hurry ev'ry Hour engage,
Pomp, Viſits, Sauntring, Tavern, Court, or Stage:
Nor envy we, but thoſe with Pity view,
Who follow ſtill falſe Happineſs for true.

Obſerve their Errors, and obſerving ſhun,
And from their Practice, as Deſtruction run.

Let Fortune frown, and perſecute at Will,
Virtue preſerve, and keep Good-Humour ſtill.
A guiltleſs Heart, and ſmiling Face retain,
Nor know what Hips, or groſſer Vapours mean.
Abroad, at Home, in Sickneſs, and in Health,
In Scorn, Eſteem, in Poverty, and Wealth;
Regard thy *Happineſs* the moſt you can,
You are not *more*, then be not *leſs* than Man.

Absence of Friends, with greateſt Mildneſs bear,
Tho' Nature prompts, and Reaſon claims a Tear.
Abſence of Friends! and can we chuſe but mourn
For Loſs of thoſe who muſt not yet return;
Who while we grieve, and our hard Fate deplore,
Perhaps lie buried on ſome diſtant Shore;

Or vex'd by Cares, from Health and Joy are free,
Or chearful, yet we ne'er again muſt ſee.
Alas! 'tis equal, it avails them not,
By whom remember'd, or by whom forgot.
O ſacred Friendſhip! Bliſs of earthly Ties,
Bond of the Good, and Off-ſpring of the Wiſe:
So ſeldom found, yet by ſo many ſought,
For ever rule thy grateful Vot'ry's Thought;
Direct his Actions, and his Soul inſpire,
To think and ſpeak whate'er thy Laws require;
And That alone, and in Return, O! bleſs
His arduous Labours, with their wiſh'd Succeſs.
Still let me find, as thro' Life's Waves I ſteer,
A true Companion, and a Friend ſincere;
Of either Kind, confeſs th'unequall'd Charms,
Happy in *Philo*'s, or *Amanda*'s Arms.
Yet muſt theſe Friends their envied Goods reſign,
No more immortal than Sir *Baal*'s, or mine.

Senſe,

Senſe, Beauty, Virtue muſt at length decay,
And ever ceaſe in one victorious Day;
Our dear Regard, and all our Fondneſs o'er;
Life's Dreams be paſt, and Friendſhip charm no more.

When Sickneſs ſeizes, and contracts our Breath,
When weak we're ſtretch'd upon the Bed of Death:
E're yet the Soul explores her kindred Sky,
And we but live to learn that Thing to die.
'Twill then be known, by certain Signs confeſt,
Who's acted well, and who has liv'd moſt bleſt.
Oh! ſhou'd that fatal Hour e'en now appear,
What cou'd bring Hope, and what diſſolve our Fear?
What moſt we love, wou'd we not readieſt give,
To 'ſcape one Day, one future Hour to live?
Beauty wou'd yield, and Birth and Pow'r wou'd fail,
Wealth wou'd be vain, nor wou'd e'en Wit prevail.

Not

Not Phyſick's ſelf cou'd longer Life ſupply,
Think what it is, and Mortal learn to die.

Short is the Time that on this Earth we boaſt,
A Blaze of Being, Fourſcore Years at moſt.
No certain Period comprehends our Life,
Few Days of Joy, or hated Years of Strife.
'Midſt all the Pride, and vain Deſires of Health,
The Pomp of Vice, and Inſolence of Wealth;
Glutted with Wine, or frantic at the Ball,
Death chills our Blood, and down we helpleſs fall.
Sudden we gaſp, we feel th' exſtatic Smart,
And the laſt Pang ſubdues our ſtruggling Heart:
Yet is that Moment to us all unknown;
Ev'n when I write, it may become my own;
Or, while you hear, or fondly read theſe Lays,
Unhop'd for Death may cloſe thy mortal Days.

Then

Then let us both each doubtful Moment ſpend,
To God, to Man, and to our Selves a Friend.
Let Vice ne'er triumph, and no Bribes engage
Our Lives to imitate an impious Age;
But Spite of Folly, tho' by Fortune croſt,
Be Virtue our's before our All is loſt.

From *Virtue* only, and her Paths ariſe
Each ſacred Joy, that erring Mankind prize.
Where *Virtue* dwells true *Happineſs* is found,
For ſmiling Pleaſures lead an endleſs Round.

So ſpoke the God-like Sage, whoſe Actions wrought
A happy Inſtance of the Truths he taught.
Learn'd, prudent, temp'rate, mindful of his Truſt,
True to his Friends, and to his Country juſt.

Gargettum

Gargettum ever ſhall record his Name,
And thro' his Praiſes conſecrate its Fame.

Yet ev'n this Man, in whoſe ſuperior Mind,
Each Heav'n born Grace, and ev'ry Virtue ſhin'd,
By Foes accus'd, the Mark of Hatred ſtood,
The uſual Fate of all the Wiſe and Good.
By Malice plagu'd, twice Ten long Years, and more,
The mad Attacks of Calumnies he bore.
Pleaſure his *Aim*, and Innocence his Guide,
He bravely frown'd on Ignorance and Pride.
Contemning Life the glorious Pagan dies,
While ev'ry Action, and each Word replies,
The *ſovereign Good* alone in *Virtue* lies.
Scandal may long obſcure us with Diſgrace,
But Worth at length unveils its ſacred Face.

Blackmore,

Blackmore, and all the Race of Stoicks dead,
Great *Epicurus* triumphs in their Stead. (*l*)

(*l*) *Epicurus* was born at *Gargettum*, a ſmall Town in the *Athenian* Territory. His Father and Mother were of the Number of thoſe that were ſent to *Samos*, to eſtabliſh a Colony there. In this Iſland *Epicurus* conſtantly repair'd with his Mother to the Temple of *Juno*, and at length learn'd that inexpreſſible Piety by the *Greeks* call'd ὁσιότητα ἄλεκτον. He paid particular Veneration to *Apollo Epicurius*, and founded a Chapel in the Temple of *Juno*. He writ alſo two Treatiſes, one on *Holineſs and Piety*, and the other concerning the *Nature of the Gods*, of which ſee *Cicero's* Teſtimony. This great Man was not without numberleſs Enemies in his Life-time, nor has his Memory paſs'd unreprehended. As the Compaſs of this Note will not permit us to ſay any Thing farther of him, I ſhall only produce a Citation from a late Author, and leave it to be remark'd on, at the Diſcretion of the Reader. *But among all the antient obdurate Enemies of Religion, no one ſeems more ſincere, or more implacable than* Epicurus. And again, *This Perſon was perhaps of as dull an Underſtanding, of as unrefin'd Thought, and as little Sagacity and Penetration as any Man, who was ever complimented with the Name of a Philoſopher.*
Preface to the *Creation*.

A POEM *on the Death of Alderman* French, *late* Lord-Mayor *of* Dublin.

To the Honourable Mr. Juſtice *Ward*.

WHAT Scenes of Sorrow, where I turn, ariſe,
What weeping Crowds my anxious Soul ſurprize!
Why round the Land ſuch faithful Grief appears,
Hearts fill'd with Sighs, and Eyes o'erflow'd with Tears!
Ah *Ward*! For FRENCH theſe Signs of Woe are ſhown;
To know his Virtue, but enquire thy own.

How

How ſhall the Muſe in worthy Numbers tell,
How lov'd he liv'd, and how lamented fell!
How ſpeak his Merits, and with Truth commend,
The juſteſt Husband, Patriot, Parent, Friend!
How lov'd by all, but Foes to Wiſdom's Train!
Greatly belov'd, yet dear to all in vain.
Lament his Death, and *Ireland*'s Loſs deplore,
Hibernia! mourn, thy ſtedfaſt Friend's no more.
To daily Throngs he dealt his lib'ral Bread,
He cloath'd the Naked, and the Hungry fed.
Contemning Pride, and all th'Expence of Dreſs,
He only ſav'd with larger Alms to bleſs.
Of Temper mild, in Words and Works ſincere,
Grave in his Speech, and in his Life ſevere.
Honeſt and plain—ſo juſt in Age and Youth,
The offer'd World might never bribe his Truth.
No Tool to Parties, to no Courts a Slave,
He kept entire the Freedom Nature gave.

Yet ne'er oppos'd, nor diff'rent Sides withſtood,
If what was urg'd was for his Country's Good.

What ſad Proceſſions in our Sight appear,
What ſolemn Rites attend the diſmal Bier!
Theſe Chariots paſs, the Flambeaus Blaze to ſhow
The gloomy Tokens of a certain Woe.
Theſe ſable Cloaks his mute Acquaintance wear,
Theſe Scarfs, (as White as was his Soul ſincere,)
By Friends, and once lov'd Relatives are borne;
Soon to be off, as he from them was torne.
But ſee! behind what ſadder Scenes appear,
The laſting Honours of the mourning Year!
Theſe pious Orphans well may Pity claim,
(Long loſt their Mother's, now their Father's Name;)
Their Mother! mourn'd in Death, careſs'd in Life,
A tender Parent, Miſtreſs, Friend and Wife.

How

How dear, how eloquent theſe Titles prove,
And ſpoke how true, Appeal to Mankind's Love.

THEIR Patron gone, the Indigent no more
With fixt Attendance wait his opening Door.
Widows no more his gen'rous Aid ſupplies,
Nor wanted Succour ſtops the Orphan's Cries.

AH! what avail thoſe Joys once bleſs'd his State,
Lov'd by the Wiſe, or courted by the Great;
Condemn'd by Fools, or cheriſh'd by the Good;
If great by Honeſty, or high by Blood,
Nor Wealth, nor Goodneſs cou'd protract his
his Breath,
Sudden he ſinks, and loads the Bed of Death.
So in our Turns muſt we thoſe Realms explore,
And tread the Paths our Fathers trod before.
In early Youth we yield to Sickneſs Rage,
Or Fate reſerves us for decrepit Age.

Long

Long crown'd with Health, and free from Cares and Toil,
We bleſs our Friends, our Race and native Soil,
Or ſwiftly moving thro' the Vale of Life,
Few Days we boaſt, thoſe full of Doubts and Strife.
Summon'd by Death, no Mortal dares rebel;
So Poets, Heroes, Kings and Patriots fell.
Sooner, or later we attend its Call;
Thus *Brutus* died, and *Stannard* thus muſt fall.

But ſure, if Honour is the nobleſt Part,
And thoſe ſtill beſt, who bear a virtuous Heart,
To Souls like his th'Eternal Pow'rs conſign
Immortal Pleaſures in the Seats Divine.
Where Envy is not, where no Guilt is ſhown,
Nor Errors practis'd, and no Hatred known.
Why did his Spirit, elſe, with ſacred Flame,
So ſoon explore that Heav'n from whence it came?

Why

Why fill'd ye, elſe, ye Pow'rs, his greater Mind
With all the Virtues of the human Kind;
But that his Soul deſiring Life and Reſt,
Might ſoon augment the Number of the Bleſt.

Accept, juſt Shade, the Muſe's early Lays,
That adds this Verſe to your immortal Praiſe.
And *Ward*! accept a Gift, ſo greatly due
To ſtricteſt Honour, Virtue, *French* and you.
To Heights aſpiring on a bolder Wing,
My grateful Muſe *Hibernia*'s Loſs wou'd ſing.
She would,—but cannot in fit Numbers tell
That Patriot's Praiſe, which *Carthy* ſung ſo well. (*m*)

(*m*) Mr. *Carthy*, who is now Printing in *Dublin*, *a New Tranſlation of* Longinus, with large Notes and Obſervations, by Subſcription, wrote, when Mr. *French* was juſt out of his Mayoralty, and had ſet up for Member of Parliament, an Imitation of *Juſtum & tenacem* of *Horace*, in his Favour. After he was elected, he wrote a Paper entitl'd, Aſtræa's *Congratulation to the Citizens of* Dublin. As theſe two Pieces contain a full Deſcription of that great Man, we muſt do the Reader Juſtice, in referring him to them.

FINIS.

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